

more, thou must forgive. The Great Spirit is the spirit of peace, and will be deaf to my supplication if thou dost cherish anger in thy inmost heart."

"Father, I believe, and we swear to abide by thy words."

"Chief, I trust thou art sincere—that no lie lurks in thy heart. May the Great Spirit be merciful to thee and grant thy petition."

In the grey of the early morning Father de Smet was standing at the altar, but before beginning the holy sacrifice of the Mass, he informed the Rev. Fathers and Brothers of the danger to which the young Christian disciples were exposed, and explained what a loss the lives of these exemplary maidens would be to their little mission.

He also told them of Redfeather's solemn promise to influence his nation to embrace the true faith. Then all present renewed their fervent prayers that God would show his power, and promote His own greater glory by delivering the captives.

Meantime the two maidens were a prey to involuntary dread of the torments which awaited them. Again and again they called upon the Mother of Sorrows to obtain for them fortitude and perseverance, that they might die like the martyrs of whom Blackrobe had told them. Suddenly they beheld a youth of radiant countenance, attired in the festal costume adopted by their own tribe. His eyes shone with supernatural light, and there was something about him that reassured the stricken doves even before he spoke. "I come to deliver you," he said, at the same time cutting as if by heavenly magic the strong cords that bound them to the pine tree. His voice was sweet and low, and he added, "Follow me."

Joyfully the two fugitives followed their mysterious guide, who walked a short distance ahead of them.

"He must be an angel," whispered Wildbird, "for I feel weary no longer,

nor is my heart fearful," and her face bore an expression of angelic sweetness.

"Did we not invoke the Queen of Angels! She has sent a messenger to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies," answered Snowflake. "Glory be to Jesus and Mary!" she added, and Wildbird replied "Amen."

On, on their silent conductor led them through dim, deep woods, by crystal lakes, over flowery meadows, up and down hills, until they reached the broad, beautiful prairie that divided the land of the Dakotas from the territory of the Blackfeet. To their surprise the soft soil did not yield to their tread, nor did the rose or purple centaury bend its corollas. The birds went singing a joyful chorus to the Creator—echo of the gladness that filled those quick-throbbing hearts. Now the three attained an eminence, and from its wood-crowned height they discern the smoke of the camp fires of the Dakotas.

"Rest here awhile," said their guide, and when they turned to thank him for his kindness' lo! he had disappeared.

As soon as the Blackfeet discovered the flight of their captives, they set out in hot pursuit. Vainly they sought the tracks of their prisoners. "They and their mother, too, worship the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes," the savages murmured. "He has delivered them; our Great Manitou is not powerful enough." At length, after searching once more the neighborhood of their camp for the footprints of the maidens, all despairingly gave up the hunt.

Redfeather, on withdrawing from the mission house, had held a secret powwow with his companions before sending an official message to distant subjects. But their deliberations were suddenly interrupted by long and prolonged shouts of joy. The squaws and the children of the encampment, who had gone out before sunrise to gather roots, announced that the prisoners had escaped the knives and firebrands of